The Washington Times Magazine Page

Foolscap paper got its name from its water-mark in early times. This was the outline of a fool's head and cap. The name became identified with a sheet of a certain size and has still clams to it.

BIRTHRIGHT

A Fascinating Romance of Society In Which a Poor Rich Girl Sponsors a Rich Poor Girl.

coat.

ear; "Patricia-

found her place.

lights and shadows.

For a few bewildered seconds he stood looking down at her. Then the suitcases fell, and the candle

flame went out against his heavy

SO WONDERFUL.

so utterly satisfying! Patricia felt

as if she were in a new world. Dan

put an arm about her boldly when

they were in the little hot cab of

the snowplough; their faces were

close together as they murmured.

laughed softly, were , silent, and murmured again.

Too soon they reached the city and found themselves in the jum-

ble of the big station, where the holiday crowd was coming and

"We'll get home!" Dan said briefly, and Patricia echoed con-tentedly, "Yes, we'll get home!" She liked his asking the cabman if he knew the Palmer house. The

cabby nodded with a suddenly in-

The family was in the sitting

room, they were told. Dan and

Fatricia flung off their outer wraps in the hall and went straight

Mrs. Palmer was in her favorite

chair by the fire, and opposite her

sat Beatrice, with Sidney on the

arm of her chair. They were hav-ing coffee in the firelight: the

pleasant room was full of fugitive

THEY'RE SOMEWHERE.

Sidney and Beatrice sprang up

eagerly as the others came in, but

here was some little constraint in

their greetings, none the less. Presently they all settled down

egain, to more coffee and to talk.

"And the others never got there at all!" Beatrice said in stupefac-

tion, when their story was told.

"But where are they? They're not

at home. If they were I should have heard of it from the girls to-

day!"
"Oh, they're somewhere," Patri-

ia, who had seated herself youth-

fully on the hassock at Mrs. Palm-

"Yes, but what did you do?" the

younger girl persisted in a puzzled

"We stayed in their cabin." Pa-tricia admitted. Fortunately the

"For pity's sake!" Dan's mother jeculated. Beatrice looked at

Sidney, and then her eyes moved

"You came after us fast enough!"

"Yes, that's one on you and Pat.

"You must know our plans,"

Palmer!" Sidney's pleasant voice

said. But immediately he was se-

tomorrow, and I shall not be back

in Deerbridge for some time-until

I am free, in fact. The hour I am

free will see me coming back," and

he laid, his hand over Beatrice's

and smiled at her as only Sidney could smile. "For my girl," he fin-

(Copyright, International Magazine Co.)
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Is Marriage a

Success?

HE HATES HIMSELF.

really thinks of the boys as I have of the girls, i. e., that the average

girl does not care for the quiet, home-loving boy, one whoe does not drink, smoke or chew, or swear.

It seems they prefer the rough kind

every time. the kind that can be

two-sided, the kind that can put on a real pretty veneer in the presence

isn't long continued. If they let a

few rough words slip in their pres-

ence, the girls generally bite their lower lip, which really shows they

enjoy hearing it. Instead, why not

demand an apology at once?

And as Mr. H. D. W., sr., said, the

boys seem to take more to the vain girls, the ones that powder and

paint and jazz, and generally wear their dresses up to the knees.

But there are exceptions on both sides, and I believe there is a girl

who is an exception in her sex as I am in mine, and would only be too glad to meet her in a proper way.

E. H., Bangor, Pa.

SHE'S DIFFERENT.

to "Nineteen and Disgusted." I

feel so sorry for you, and I feel

I am twenty-two and have never

had a beau. I have met some men

I thought were real men and I have met some I thought were not.

But I do not feel like men mean

everything in a girl's life. I think

girls depend too much on men for

their pleasures, and more times are

Now, girls, I am going to live a care-free life till the real man

comes along, then I am going to

settle down and be a real help-

mate, and I am sure marriage will

be a success, for I mean to make

PEEVED.

I have been going with a young man for about six months, and have

learn to love him. But as there

was a difference in religion, I could

live happily.

not decide if I could marry him and

As he wanted to come to see me,

This must not have pleased him,

I told him to come as a friend, until I could decide.

as he did not come. But called me up, and told me he was not coming

TWENTY, AND STUNG, BUT

HAPPY TWENTY-TWO.

so different from you.

disappointed than pleased.

would like to say a few words

What I want to say is this, she

To "Nineteen and Disgusted":

she observed innocently. And there

all that did much to clear the air.

food arrived safely enough!"

accusingly to her brother.

ejeculated.

er's knee, answered indifferently.

It was all so wonderful, so new,

"Patricia," he stammered in her

By Kathleen Norris. thor of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters," and Other Famous Stories.

A ND it's 5 now," Dan said, icoking at his watch. "Well, that's what we'll do!" he swilled ruefully at Patricia. "Our dinner was our swan he said. "Get your things ong." he said. "Get your things in your bag, Patricia, and I'll shut off the fires. And Mr. Thurston, if want to come up here tomor-and gather up all this butter sugar and stuff, why, it's yours! I'll settle with Mrs. Throck-

You bet your life I'll come up for it!" the woodsman heartily agreed. "And t'aint every one would of thought of that, Pa-trishy!" he added, in an admiring

said wistfully, but a second gifl said wistfully, but a second later, a warm little current stealing about her heart warned her that adventure for her was just beginning. They would bump down this road to fairyland road to fairyland, with They would share the cily and smoky cab of a snowplow's engine.

A NEW LIGHT. They would come in upon Dan's

mother and Beatrice, laughing, excitement that their new brought with it, and then there would be Sidney's and Beatrice's plans to discuss, other plans to dis-

ed on her small hat, fastened the frail veil snugly, slipped into her heavy coat, linked the furs across her shoulders, and was again the correctly gowned Miss Chesebrough. But the dancing light in her eyes, as she turned to Dan.

Dan had been boarding up the window, generally locking and makin Fafe the cabin of happy mem-ories. Great shouting and snorting could be heard from the road, where Thurston was backing his plunging big horses in the snow.

In the doorway, as they paused Patricia stopped, her arm brushing against Dan, as she looked up him over her shoulder. She was cautiously carrying the candle that was to light them to the sled; the man carried both suitcases.
"Dan," said Patricia, "we—we

may not be alone together for quite

BOOKS

FOSTHUMOUS WORKS OF LEO TOL-STOY. Translated by Archibald J. Wolfe. New York: International Book Publishing Co.

In these three volumes have been gathered together a number of novels. dramas and sketches which remained unpublished at the death of Count Tolstoy, many of which show the great Russian writer at his test and which will be eagerly weld by admirers of his works.

Chief among these is the novel, "Haji-Murat," a tale of the Caucasus, which derives its title from the name of a chieftain under Shamyl, famous fighter for the indepedence of the Caucasus. Haji-Murat incurred the enmity of his chief and in company with a few loyal followers, enters the Russian lines and drives a bargain with the commander. Here he becomes a pawn in the political game of the Russian administrators, Interwoven with the story are several stirring incidents, vivid pictures of epic days, the beauty of which was probably enhanced by the radiance of the novelist's setting sun.

Other works included are "Father Sergius," a story of the days of Emporer Nicholas L "The Posthumous Memoirs of Fedor Kusmitch, the Hermit." the scene of the action of which is in Serbian wilds; "The Young Tear." a narralive of the early days of Czar Nicholas II, the tragic termination of whose life Light Shineth in the Darkness," a play; "The Wisdom of Children," a series of dialogues, expressing the author's philosophy on life, and the "Forged Coupon."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Brownatone Ends Gray, Streaky Hair Ladies, in society, no more toler-

ate gray, streaky hair than they do unbecoming gowns. Neither can the business girl or person in any walk of life who would keep up-to-date.

The proven, tested and absolutely harmless way to tint gray, faded, streaked or bleached hair is



easy to apply tint gives distinct shades from lightest golden to the deepest brown or black.

"Brownatone" tints instantly and will make you look ten years younger over night. No mussy, dirty paste to bother with—no waiting for results. All druggists recommend "Brown-

All druggists recommend "Brownatone" on a money back guarantee—
50c and \$1.50. Two colors—shading
from "Golden to Medium Brown"
and "Dark Brown to Black."

Special Free Trial Offer.

For a free trial botle with easy,
complete directions, send 11 cents
to pay postage, pasking and war
tax to The Kenton Pharmacal Co.,
601 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.

The Hundred Dollar Question

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a as secretary to Eustibe Alvarez, a Mexioffice on a side street in the National + a while now. Wh-what was it you w-w-wanted to say to me?"

office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$600 gold note, after she discovers him and a Japanese studying a map.

She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl and her sweetheart is jealous of her employer. There employer, after paying her many compiliments and swearing her to the utmost secrecy as to what transpires in 'the office, expresses 2 desire to be introduced to her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard swears to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl. He tells Edith her employer will bear watching and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she saw her sweetheart dining. Later she is further surprised by a request from her sweetheart for an introduction to her employer. By means of a piece of carbon paper which, she secreted in the typewriter roller. Edith gets a copy of a cryptic telegram her employer sent to some one in Mexico.

Alvarez takes Edith to a Maryland roadhouse and vainly tries to inveigle her into taking a drink with him. Willard finally tells her that Alvarez is an international crook. A short time later "Texas Tiger," a wild and woolly gentleman from the Southwest, breezes is with a gun in search of Alvarez. He tells Edith that Alvarez swindled him out of \$20,000 on a fake oil stock deal. Edith introduces "Texas Tiger" to Willard and the visitor joins their excursion to Mt. Vernon, the home and fomb of George Washington.

Returning to Washington "Texas Tiger" recognizes Alvarez and the Spanish girl. Juanita, his sweetheart, on the wharf and is only prevented from shooting them by the interference of Willard. "Texas Tiger" tells Edith he is still madly in love with Juanita, not-withstanding the fact that Alvarez used her as a tool to swindle him out of \$20,000.

When Edith attempts to introduce Williard to Alvarez she learns that they are "old friends."

terested look. They got in, and creaked over snowy streets, still "Oh, Dan, this is very happy, and wonderful, and pleasant!" the girl said, as they went up the big steps to the Castie door, and en-tered the warmth and signess of the hall. She had a new feeling for it all to-night; she belonged to When Edith attempts to introduce Willard to Alvarez she learns that they are "old friends." it now, and it to her; she had

Alvarez invites Edith and Willard to notor to Great Falls with him and they And I wondered if he too had the same idea that Willard had that this was to be his last day of free-

dom; that after today he would see the world only from behind iron CHAPTER XV.

Of the things which happened next I hardly know how to write. They seem so much like a dream. It doesn't seem that they really could have happened to me in this "safe and sane" twentieth century -an unassuming and retiring little

The Woman Observer

HE WOMAN had stopped in the "Five-and-Ten" for a desperately needed hair net. It was the noon hour and the girl behind the counter was being nailed from all sides by impatient customers who held out their purchases for her to wrap "at once."

Next The Woman was a befurred Young Person greatly distraught over a purchase she was trying to return. "I bought it yesterday. The envelope said 'cap shape,' as you can see for yourself, and when I opened it up it was straight and not cap at all!

The salesgirl held out a thin "You're right, Miss. But to exchange it you'll have to go to the floorwalker down the aisle. We're not allowed to do it here.' "Oh, dear!" the Young Person's voice was petulant. "I haven't time. I'll just have to lose the money, that's all. But it seems to me a ridiculous rule. Surely, you

can see-"Sure I can, Miss," the little clerk was all sympathy. "I'm not allowed to make exchanges, or I would. See, there's the floorwalker "Oh, never mind. I can't bother.

Just give me another and I'll pay for it. I'll lose the dime."
"Oh, Miss," the girl behind the counter was in consternation. wouldn't have you do that, Miss," and like a flash she broke through the line of waiting customers, calling out "Mr. Speizer, Mr. Speizer, schange, 'schange, please."

She was back in an instant, a smile on her tired face. "See, it didn't take me a minute, Miss. Here's your new hair net, without losing the dime after all." And then turning to The Woman, as the Young Person, with an embarrassed "Thank you," sped off: "I hope you'll excuse my keeping you, ma'am, but I just can't bear to no one lose money when they ain't

Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest—Clip Them.

14 cup butter.

scant cups sugar. 2 eggs. 1/2 of 1/4 pound of chocolate.

Pinch of salt. l teaspoon vanilla extract.

Cream butter and sugar together. well and add the well beaten eggs. Melt the chocolate in the boiling water and cool. Add to the first mixture and also add the milk. Sift together all dry ingredients, to the above and mix well. Add the vanilla. Pour into layer or loaf pans and bake in a moderately hot oven for 35 minutes.

16 of 14 pound cake of chocolate. a pound powdered sugar. teaspoon butter. Vanilla to flavor.

Melt the chocolate over steam and add the powdered sugar. Smooth into a paste by adding boiling water drop by drop until the right thickness is gained. Add butter and vanilla. Spread between layers, on top and sides.—Mrs. F. B.



while ago left a quiet Georgia home to world."

It was over the indignant protest of dear old Grace that I went to the office the day following Mr. Alvarez's announcement that he would not be back "that day."
I knew I was looking terribly tired and worried. Who, I ask you, could look otherwise when they had been under the nervous strain un-

der which I had been for weeks? That morning, I realized that I looked especially pale. But I had hoped to cover it with a generous application of rouge. Also I assumed an especially light-hearted manner at breakfast to try to keep Grace from noticing that I wasn't absolutely up to "par." But nothing escapes Grace's pro-

tecting old notice.
"If I were you I wouldn't go to the office today, Edith." she said, after Bob had left for the office and we were finishing our coffee "You-really you look tired out, Edith. You need a rest."
"A rest!" I laughed. "And pray what have I been doing for the last month or two but resting? Honestly, Grace, to hear you talk one would think I worked for a regular slave-driver-

A LONG, LONG REST. "Oh, it isn't that" Grace interrupted. "Perhaps you don't work so hard at the office. But you need a rest, Edith. You-really you shouldn't allow yourself to go on like this. Youll break down-"Break down!" I tried to laugh. although I knew that Grac telling the truth. I realized that I had just about reached the "breaking point." But I realized also that I could not afford to break just yet. I felt that I had quite a responsibility, that I could not desert Willard just now. I felt that I must be at the office to look after my end of things while Willard attended to his affairs elsewhere.

"Honestly, Grace." I reasoned. "there's not a thing on earth the matter with me, except that perhaps I have lost a little sleep. I—why, I—" I stretched my arms out and breathed deeply, simulating an exhibition of perfect health and

kiss as I walked by to leave for TRIES TO LOCATE WILLARD.

"Just that," I answered as she enfolded me in her embrace, and I felt her patting me on the back. I hadn't intended to tell her so it. And, too, I thought it would allay her fears about my health. "I'm going to take your advice Grace, old dear. Willard and I are going to be married." It was the one thing necessary

to make Grace happy. She laughed and cried alternately about it. And in her joy she lost all apprehension about my "overwork," actually "sending me away with a smile," when I finally left for the Although it was after 10 o'clock

when I got there I was not surprised to find that Mr. Alvarez had not been in. I would, in fact, have een very much surprised to learn that he had been there. However, I did expect some message from him, or Willard or

somebody. But at 11 o'clock none had come. I had not seen Willard the previous day. He called me before I left the office the afternoon before to say that he would not be able to see me that night. And I understand of course that he was to fill that most momentous engagement with Mr. Alvarez. He assured me

that he would be in no danger. And

I made myself believe him. But when 11 o'clock came and I re-

ceived no word from him, I began

THE ADSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR-

\$100 **\$100** This serial story has .. o name.

who submits the best title. Read the story every day in

The Washington Times and, when the last installment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles. The title must consist of

Winnie Davis Freeman

to get worried. I decided to call him on the phone. First, I called his home. Willard was not there. Had not been there they told me, since the day before. Anxiously I called his office. Who ever answered the phone informed me quite curtly that Willard was not in. When I asked if they knew plied that he had not been in that morning, and they had no idea when he would return. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Pin Feathers

A very effective method of removing pinfeathers from a fowl in preparation for cooking is by means of an ordinary pair of tweezers. The work can be done more quickly and thoroughly than by the old knife method.

London consumes about 14,000,000 ons of coal yearly.

waiting for news of my folks back East. They told him. Natural, wasn't it?" "Perfectly, natural." replied Father Andrew, responding to a ques-tioning look which appointed him "So far, so good," the old man went on. "Having nothing much to do to pass the evening. West come to see a sick old man whose shack was the visiting place for lots of kind-hearted young fellows. And he asks me who my

The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person

it's a good turn to look up my daughter for all I needed her so, Advice to

three words or less. Story Written By

By Beatrice Fairfax. Copyright by The Washington Times. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Can a girl ever love a young man who displays a grotesque taste in his selection of clothes? He is a handsome chap, of fine physique, both admittedly, although he is of modest habits except in eating in which he dearly loves to indulge. Nevertheless, he persists in wearing what my friends call "cake-eater" suits, and ft grieves pleated back and front light affair with leather buttons or knobs and patch pockets with artistic cut of lapels and baggy trousers to match. He thinks it is snappy. and as he is conceited and some what of a ladies' man I fear I shall lose him if I cannot put some sense in his head. I hate to tell him what every one thinks. Please advise me.

If he has no sense, why do you want him. It would seem as if you were trying to drive yourself to fall in love with the grotesque young man with the handsome face. Your letter is silly. WAIT AWHILE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been keeping steady com-

pany for the past six months, and always thought quite a great deal of the young man.

Last week my girl friend gave
a little party and invited my boy

friend for myself and his cousin for another girl. That same evening I decided I liked his cousin much bet ter than my steady friend, and I surely would like to make a date with his cousin but do not wish to hurt the feelings of the boy I am going with. Kindly advise me what to do as I

surely would like to get better acquainted with his cousin HAZEL EYES.

You're entirely too previous. Better let the cousin of the young man take the initiative in this matter. Then it will be very simple for you to decide.

For the Baby

patience and don't be cross yourclothes don't hurry, because the clothes might be too tight and a

can get along better.

Notice how well a baby sleeps after a bath; so if you have one who sleeps well in the day but not at night just reverse your schedule. A little sponge in the morning will be enough.

MOVIE ACTRESSES AND THEIR HAIR

Did it ever occur to you that every novie actress you have seen has ovely hair, while the most popular ount their curls as their chief beauty? In fact, many are leading adies just because of their attractive poks. Inquiry among them discloses the fact that they bring out all the natural beauty of their hair by careul shampooing, not with any soap or makeshift, but with a simple mixure by putting a teaspoonful of canthrox (which they get from the iruggist) in a cup of hot water and applying this instead of soap. This full cup of shampoo liquid is enough so it is easy to apply it to all the nair instead of just the top of the head. After its use, the hair dries apidly with uniform color. Dandruf, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. The hair is so fluffy that it looks much heavier than it is, its juster-and softness are delightful. Did it ever occur to you that every

When a Girl Marries A Story of

The man who claimed to be my

long-lost father mopped his face

again with his gaudy handkerchief.

Then before he spoke, he ran the

tip of his tongue over his thin lips.

"Loving daughter, ain't you, m'dear?" he asked at last, with his

mouth corners curving back into

anarl as he stared at me for a

second before his beady eyes began

a purposeful darting off about the

turning just in time to sit on the

making room for Father Andrew

as I spoke and tucking my hand

into his under cover of the table-

about her real father 'yet, but

"My girl's fine folks don't know

they ask you in my place, Hyland,

ain't the one to quarrel over it

And I ain't the one to wet-blanket other people's winnings either. But now, Anne and me has a mat-

ter to bring up before the racing board, and I'd like you to act as

starter and judge in one."
"Please—Dad Lee," I said, winc-

ing as I heard myself use the title.

"Let's get this over without giv-ing each other any more pain than

we must. I want you to convince

me thae Dick West isnt playing an important part in our reunion."
"Cut out the doubts. This here
West, who seems to worry you so,

come on his own mining business

to the town where I was waitin

the arrival of Hyland. As everyone

folks are. Not being sure yet that

Lovelorn

WHY DO IT!

"Just a minute," I interrupted,

"Here's friend Hyland re-

EARLY WEDDED LIFE By ANN LISLE.

o you mean to tell me," I + named Hyland. And, furthermore cried incredulously, "that from. That's playing them square, at the end of your ain't it?" story, I still feel so unrelated, you'll "We couldn't reproach you for that," said Father Andrew kindly. disappear into the nowhere which

You were acting pretty cautiously, Mr. Lee."
"How was I t'know that West had been partners with my girl's husband and that he'd start right from scratch and make t' track in two flat when he hears that name Hyland? It appears that he recognized it and the

home town to oncet. "And what more natural than that a young winner like this chap should get me where I can't sidestep all the other names he comes out with? In addition to which he gets me where I live, when he indicates he has all the dope about my daughter and her new folks.

So both curiosity and fatherly affection movin' me. I lets out the whole fact about the baby I ain't seen since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Now you've heard my story. But I've still got one question I want to ask you, Anne. Are you ready?" "I'm ready for anything you have

to say," I replied. "Here she goes then at the crack of the pistol." triumphed the man. I had begun to see I'd have to accept as my father. "Supposing you tell me first, however, if my meeting up with West and talking a bit about my folks don't seem natural?"

NOTHING TO HIM.

"It seems perfectly natural as you tell it." I replied, convinced against my will. "Since you sent for Father Andrews before you met Dick West, I've no right to feelthere's anything-sinister in your knowing him. The point is that you telegraphed before he came to the Northwest." "I sure did. The race was signed

for and the purse decided on long before the West entry got made. But now it's my turn to ask noy trusting daughter a question. What makes you think that this West would give a darn if you're got one father or two? What's the Hylands and the Lees to him?"

"Nothing," I said quickly—too quickly, for I had to turn my fac-away from his shrewd eye, as I flung out the word of denial and stopped there. Didn't I know well enough that Dick West had wanted to marry Phoebe and that Neal had won her away from him?

Don't I realize that Dick West hated Phoebe's brother? Those facts lay side by side in my mind like a bundle of fagots, but they lacked the string that would tie them together. For that clue-that missing string-I was still searching wildly in my memory.
"But I am interested in knowing

if you still keep in touch with Dick I wanted to ask that. I kept thinking I would do it in spite of

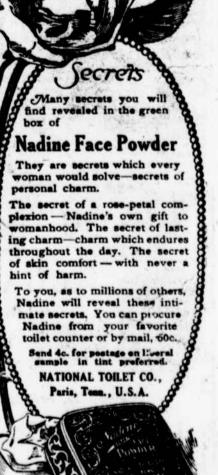
the interpretation Dad Lee would put on it. But I couldn't, and when Father Andrew and I took Dad Lee to the hotel at the end of the even-ing that question still lurched in the back of my mind-unspoken. (To Be Continued Saturday.)

Good Luck **Notions**

regarded as a bearer of good fortune, and from the moon itself this belief gradually spread until it in-cluded articles which were cresent-shaped. firon, too, has always been surrounded with a similar halo of

luck-the ancients evidently be lieving that it was so essential to commerce and manufacture that it possessed a distinct influence for good. These two beliefs date back to the early history of the Egyptians

and Phoenicians. Gradually they spread until they reached the British Isles, where, in those days, the horse was regarded as a beast of good omen-probably for the same reason that iron was favored, because of its service to mankind.



WHILE HIS SHOES WERE BEING SHINED THE PROFESSOR BECAME QUITE ABSORBED IN AN EDITORIAL AND

PROCEEDED TO CROSS HIS LEGS.

SOLID CHOCOLATE CAKE.

1/2 cup boiling water. cup milk. cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder.

CHOCOLATE ICING.

Bodick, 531 Gresham place north-

HE SEEMED VERY NERVOUS AND EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING "I'm as fit as a fiddle, Grace—a raltar.'" "make her way in the regular 'rock of Gib-"I hope so," Grace replied, in that tone which says more plainly than words, "but I doubt it." "Of course, I feel a certain responsibility for you. Edith, aside," she added, "from being perhaps unduly fond of you." "And I'm perhaps unduly fond of you, too," I answered, giving Grace the office. "Don't worry about me, Grace, dear. I'm all right. And before so terribly long I'm going to take a rest—a very long one."
"You don't mean—" Grace had
jumped up from the table and come toward me, holding out her